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A Day With the River Lord

By
Herbert W. Emerson

A Day With The Risen Lord

By

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"THE QUEST OF ETERNAL LIFE"

1913

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I

HE CAME UNTO HIS OWN

I heard Him calling me, and then I knew
The Lord had come unto His heritage,
To seek of me account of stewardship.
The claim so often made, that for His sake
I wrought as shepherd in His earthly fold,
Must now be weighed before His searching eye.
With one swift prayer I rose from off my couch,
E'er yet the gates of night had opened to the day,
And all the town lay wrapped within the robe
Of grateful slumber 'neath the watchful stars.
Led by His guiding spirit, forth I fared,
And lo! the night grew tremulous, and weird
And mystic movements filled the air around
With faint sweet sounds of twittering birds,
And swaying tree tops crooning cradle songs.
And soon the waning fires on high foretold
That day was near at hand; the heavens became

A sea of filmy cloud waves, and the light
Came, on wings wide-sweeping of the strong
Resplendent one, God's Angel of the dawn.
And then I saw Him, saw Him where He stood
Upon a slope, just where the Western road
Sweeps round the hill; parked with the friendly
green

Of junipers and crownéd with a lordly house
That seemed in truth a castled paradise.
He stood in luminous divinity
As when on Hermon, He in glory shone
In presence of His friends, the favored three.

His gaze was on the city as it lay
A nest within the circle of the hills,
As though the great All-Fathers' mighty arm
Did hold it to His breast in sheltering love.
Then drawing near I gazed into His face
And oh, so kind it seemed, His eyes serene
Did banish fear and shame, and as I stooped

To kiss His feet, He raised me up, and said
“’Tis well that thou so soon hast heard my call;
Peace be to thee and peace be on this town.”
E’en as He blessed, the tears his eyes bedewed
As when on Olivet He mourned o’er doomed
Jerusalem, in poignant anguish bowed.
He wept, and yet a smile of holy joy
His countenance illumed, as though He saw
Some saving grace of righteousness among
The people waking to the life of this
Momentous visitation day of God.
Beneath us veiled in mist the forum rose;
The lovely dome that crowned its stately walls
In semblance floating like some city seen
In cloudland visions of the summer sea.
Close crowded in the vale appeared the homes,
And far above the busy marts of trade
The towers and sun-tipped spires did greet the
morn.
Yonder the high-raised square of prison walls

Loomed gray and grim and cheerless 'gainst the
green
Of bursting buds of April tree-tops, and
Through snowy clouds of incense, which arose
From fruitful altars of the spring, there gleamed
The marbles of our unforgotten dead.
All this His glance surveyed and then He said:
"I come unto my own that here abide,
And think you those I love will welcome me?"
My answer was a prayer that He might come
In gracious charity and here abide
To test the welcome due His quest of love.

II

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

AND first He questioned me of those who
name

His name and join to do His work of
grace,

His mission beatific to fulfill.

For often those who most are strenuous,

Contending for the Christ and for His Church,

Deny His claim in fact, and yield to Him

No increase of His vineyards or His flocks.

Was it so here? My tongue refused me speech

So closely linked in life's affinities

Are we, that strife of contest blinds our eyes

With smoke of battle and of flying chaff.

The sweet alluring calls of love so near,

That rarely do we pause to judge the lives

That by our side drift heedless on to doom.

I thought of His disciples bound by ties

Of covenant to worship Him, to give
Instruction in the way of life, and do
Those works beneficent that once He wrought.
I marveled much to think how mean must seem
Our best oblation to His holy cause—
Our virtues passive, vices militant.
And not a few conformed entirely to
The life of selfish Dives or of Cain,
Who scorned their duty and the rightful claim
of God.

And then I answered: "Lord, 'tis faulty, all.
I dare not blame a brother; mine own blame
Subdues me, yet I know I love thy work
And know my fellow workers, in their hearts,
Are far more faithful in their love to Thee.
If thou wilt tarry in our midst this day,
The house *we've* set apart for holy use
Shall open wide its doors, and at Thy call
Thy saints shall gather to attend Thy will.
And oh, to see Thee stand and hear Thy voice

As in the synagogues of Galilee,
No other rubric but Thy presence dear
To guide our hearts' devotion! that were joy
Ineffable our souls to satisfy.
In truth, dear Master, *all* Thy servants here
Will open wide to Thee the door of every place
Wherein is wrought a kindly christian deed."
"Thou speakest well," He said, "now gaze and
see

How some at least my coming would receive."
And then we stood just where the Eastern road
Drops into town with long and steep descent,
And soon I saw two strangers drawing near,
The one a man of lofty bearing was,
Though meanly clad, and, leaning on his arm
A woman young, and rarely beautiful,
Who walked with weary step the toilsome way.
There where the giant tulip trees o'ershade
A noble lawn, the playground for the wards
Of this our goodly commonwealth, she raised

Her eyes in mute appeal to his strong face,
And, trembling, would have fallen where she
stood,

But that he clasped her in his arms and held
Her close as would a father some sick child.
I saw the look of quick distress with which
He hailed a passerby, and saw them stand
Awhile in question close; then holding still
His burden dear, he bent his steps to where
Not far away a friendly hospice stood
Provided "In His Name" for those in need.
With faltering hand he knocked for entrance
there,

And I did wait with bated breath as if
In presence of some mystery sublime,
Soon at his call there came a white-robed nurse,
Who bent on him and on his burden fair
A searching glance and bowed her head to hear
What his request might be. A moment passed
In which my heart did throb with nameless fear

And then the door was opened wide in welcome,
And all at once I knew the meaning of the scene.
The Mother of our Lord had found a place
Where love and comfort joined to give to Her,
Instead of cave-stall near the crowded inn,
An ample shelter in her birth-hour need.
Too soon the vision passed but He remained.
I saw Him lift His hands in blessing tow'rd
The house, on which He gazed with eyes of love,
And, O, so glad I was when that I heard
Him say, "Well done, well done, my faithful ones,
Ye 'Daughters of the King.' Your ministry
Is not in vain, ye work as unto me."
Then turning round to where I stood, suffused
With happiness, He said, "fresh courage take
And know that while so many here
Are deep engrossed in earthly hopes of gain,
There still are those would gladly give me place,
If only they could realize that I
Am here among them, evermore their Lord."

The Prayer

O Thou who knowest my inmost thought,
And how my pride oft comes to naught;
Commiserate my poor estate,
For while I bow to supplicate,
My prayer is like some minor strain
Of mournful music wrought in pain,
Though all imbued with high desires
To join the choric harmonies,
And song antiphonal, which choirs
The angels' heavenly rhapsodies
To say how much I love Thee.

My love is not a saintly thing;
A sinner's love is all I bring.
From henceforth, Lord, I am content
To yield my powers with will intent
To serve Thee with submissive mind,

And thankful take whate'er I find
Of bliss or pain, nor seek to please
Myself in aught, nor from Thee rove
In self-sought ways, nor long for ease,
Bearing all Thy grace to prove
To show how much I love Thee.

My love no lordly homage yields,
A poor slave's work in lowly fields
Is now the only boon I claim;
Thou wilt not let me ask in vain,
For still imperfect love secures
Thy power to babes, and still assures
Thy servants grace to magnify
Thy ministry to halt and lame,
And healing still doth glorify
In blind and dumb Thy shepherd name,
Who grateful own they love Thee.

And so to Thee I dare avow
Me consecrate, nor will allow
 A master's claim, O, Saviour mine,
 Save that which by all right is Thine;
To follow Thee from Chinneroth's Sea
In penitent humility.
 Through deserts vast, o'er blasted steep,
Begirt by Thee and by Thee led;
 To feed Thy lambs and tend Thy sheep,
Though bound with chains, with torture fed,
 That all may know I love Thee.

III

THEY THAT PASS BY

THE day's full tide of hurrying toil began
To flow along the streets, when once again
We paused just where bridge that spans
the stream,

Which like a silver serpent winds its way
All through the town a slothful sinuous flood,
Doth open on the busy thoroughfare
Where County, State and Nation all converge;
And where in strange propinquity old Rome
Commingles with the tides of vital faith
That stands for freedom of the mind and soul.
"Hast thou observed the passers-by this day?
And dost thou comprehend that for each one
Myself and Satan are in mortal strife?
Are they to thee endeared because to me
And to my Father they are precious all?"
So spake the Risen One, and I replied,

“Ah, Lord, indeed, indeed I love them well
And yearn to win their love in recompense;
I love their greetings in the market place
And joy to see the faces, e’en of those
Unknown by name, light up when that we meet.”
And all the while the crowds were passing by.
Here groups of care-free chatt’ring girls and boys
With buoyant footsteps on their way to school,
And closely following, a motley throng
Intent upon the interests of the hour.
I marked the well groomed statesmen, on the
road
To fresh achievements, brushing ragged garb
Of some besotted human derelict;
And then the busy merchant, keen of eye
And step alert; the fair robed matrons;
The aged sire with furrowed brow and step,
Now palsied, bending to the grave;
The anxious toilers burdened with the task
Of daily bread, with little thought of God;

Wee toddling babes, sweet opening buds of
Spring—

So passed they by: the rich, the poor, the clean
And unclean, young and old, both black and
white,

With laughter, tears and curses, moving on
In endless day-dreams of a fleeting goal.

“O, Shepherd of the Universal Fold,

At last, I said, how must I seem to Thee

No better than a hireling, false of heart,

Who never can be earnest in the task

Of rescue for Thy straying sheep who turn

To their own way with step deliberate.

And odious sin doth hide its deadly sting

Because so long familiar to my sight,

And duty owed to man for Thy dear sake

Is not discharged, and slothful indolence

Makes e'en the cross, on which Thou Lord did'st
die

In awful pain of sacrifice, seem but

A vague sweet symbol, void of living power.
O, what a minister am I, alas!
Pity me and take me home with Thee;
I am not worthy of the trust conferred.”
“Speak not of death,” said He, “nor seek release
In coward flight. Be brave and faithful still;
Sometime thou’lt see how one true life
That shuns not daily witnessing for truth
Conserveth many lives and giveth light
To those who walk the road that leads to death.
Know too, that oft behind the mask of pride
And unconcern there is a heart that longs
For peace, and needeth but the master key
Of love to ope in glad surrender to
The King of love, the Lord of heaven and earth.
Stand thou between their need and His great
power,
Nor faint in weariness of doing well;
Thus shall thy ministry at last prevail
And of these careless passers-by there shall

Arise some souls at last to call Thee blest;
For he who keeps the noxious weeds and briars
From only one small plot of fruitful soil,
His lowly labor shall not be in vain;
And he whose husbandry doth purge one life
From briars of doubt and weeds of base desire
Need not despair a harvest for the Lord.
Be steadfast then, and sow and reap, and where
Thou canst not reap, go glean and be assured
That many glean beside, in every field—
Brave, patient Ruth, and weeping Naomi,
Philip and Andrew, yea the son of man.
Sometimes the choicest head of ripened corn
Doth need the tender careful hand of love
To save or else the ruder shock of blade
Will shatter it and waste the precious grain.
Think well that all who pass you by each day
Are dearer far to God Most High than they
Can ever be to thee when loving most.
If they indifferent are to His appeal

Count it not strange if they should be to thine.
But be thou earnest for the time is short
And all too soon the judgment day will come."

The Protest

IF the harp should say, some day,
 I dislike the music men play on me
 I know I could make sweeter melody
 And chords more perfect in harmony
If left to myself to waken the spell,
So I will be harp and harper as well—
 Wouldn't it be a foolish harp thus to say?

If the plow should say, some day,
 I do not like the place of my toil
 I know I could choose a better soil
 And show for my work more corn and oil,

If I managed myself, all must allow
So I will be plowman as well as plow—
Wouldn't it be a foolish plow thus to say?

If the man should say, some day,
I will be master alone of my fate,
And peer of the Lord to equal His state;
I am not content on His call to wait,
He makes life's music too sad for me,
His harp and His plow no longer I'll be—
Wouldn't he be a foolish man thus to say?

Ah, yes, for God is the master alway,
He alone knoweth the chords of truth,
Let Him play in the key of pain or ruth
Let Him make what music He will forsooth;
Let Him use me in service as He will,
Plow or plowman or instrument still—
Wouldn't we all be wiser thus to say?

IV

THE THINGS THAT ARE CAESAR'S

THE sun's effulgent beams still from the east
Inclined, as up a spacious avenue
He walked with me, toward the capitol,
The crown of pride upon the valley's head.
When as we reached the terrace broad and wide,
Commanding prospect of the embracing hills,
He stood awhile in silence there, as when
Upon the pavement, once, of Pilate's hall He
stood,
Arrayed in tattered robe of royal hue and crown-
ed
A King, with thorns that pierced His brow, and
I could almost see again the maddened crowds
Of people surging like the sea in storm;
Could almost hear them clamor for the life
Of Him who came to give eternal life—
Could hear those two short sentences, which

Still are sounding down the augmenting years,
"Behold the man!" and then, "behold your
King!"

"My master, would it be so now with us?"

I asked, and soft He answered, "No, oh, no.

Those that my right would champion are more
Than those that would oppose, in Caesar's
name."

Then while I much rejoiced to know His faith

In us did rest, He questioned me and asked:

"Of those now placed in Caesar's seat of power,

Placed there by voice of freemen for their weal,

How many think'st thou, use that power aright—

So use their power the state's good ship to guide?

Hast thou considered that this noble pile

May well become a forge Philistian

To fashion manacles for men free-born?

May this high columned splendor never look

On honor sold, ambition's height to scale;

These antechambers hear the whispered shame

Of bartered privilege that undermines
The law's stability, through avarice,
More than the fiery scourge of treacherous war.
Pray that the itching lust for gold may ne'er
Invade these halls of council and these courts
Deliberate—that passion base that hath
Since Baalam's fatal day wrought havoc dread
With nations chosen of the Lord, and cursed
Great kings and satraps; priests and captains
high,

And even prophets—seers of holy truths—
Perverting justice oft, and breaking pledge
Of honor for the sake of luxury,
With lying lips all blasted with deceit,”
And I, what could I say? for oft I'd asked
Myself, and oft of others asked, is this
Indeed a Christian state administered
In fear of God and for His people's sake?
Remembering too the tales so often heard
Of secret lobbies, sinister, yet bold

To bribe if need be where they could not gain
By flattery or lure of wine or vice;
Thus thwarting the expressed will of those
Whose right inheres in clean majority;
Remembering too, how I had heard e'en those
Who called themselves true followers of Christ,
Plead on the open floor for laws to help
The hellish traffic in the drunkard's lust.
We stood in silence for a time, and then He spoke
Again and said, "How few like Samuel
Of old can give themselves to minister
For all the people's welfare, or give laws
Like him, the servant in the house of God,
The great law-giver, Moses, who received
His statutes from the hands of God, for that
He ever sought in rule to know the will
Of Him from whom all right to rule doth come.
Too oft, like Saul of Gibeah, men find
The taste of power in office doth excite
To bold contempt of duty and of pledge."

With that the ascending flights of marble stairs
We climbed and passed into the council hall,
But every eye within was holden fast;
Nor was there any man could know Him nigh.
Then I, His messenger, did call and say:
“Men of the Commonwealth who gather here
In counsel for the welfare of our State;
The lawful Lord of this assembly stands
Within your midst; give honor unto Him
And seek to know His will in what ye do.”
Then some did bow in lowly reverence
While others smiled disdain and mocked Him
there.

Still others talked of trivial things, or read
The news of passing vanities, nor knew,
That by the touchstone of His presence, they
Were being judged, inevitably judged.
O, men, who hold the reins of state-craft, know
That God is on the people's side. Concur
With Him in striving ever for their good;

And, if opposing selfish interests,
Ye find your efforts fail; think then that still
The Master bides His time and still He reigns;
And out of all the chaos of corrupting greed
Will come at last the better day for which
The blood and tears of patriots were shed:
The day when honest men in honest faith
Shall serve the state in fear of God and true
Devotedness of character, to bring
The Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.

The Warning

ALAS, for the moan of our wasted years;
To know we have spent our days in
vain,
To pass into judgment with naught
of gain,
With naught that abides when the grave appears.

The dazzling splendor and dizzy height
Of proud ambition are not worth while:
Are worse than useless, and but beguile
The soul to defy Jehovah's might.

So hard to attain and harder to keep;
To be hurled at last with hideous dole,
The ghastly wreck of a vaulting soul,
With a harvest of endless remorse to reap.

O, ye who aspire to rule and sway,
Remember that power belongs to the meek;
And the might of the strong that honors the
weak,
Earns a crown more lasting than pine or bay.

To such the future holds never a dread,
And death is never a leap in the dark,
But a cradled fall to the shining mark
Of the Almighty Father's Arms, outspread.

V

PHILATHEA

DOWN from the rampart of the western
heights

The glow of evening beamed upon the
town,

As forth we went into that quarter, named
In olden days in terms of foul reproach,
But now through civic conscience purified,
And through the work beneficent of church
And school uplifted from its slum.

Here soon we came upon a work of love;
A band of women who in Christlike ways
Did minister unto the needs of those
In thrall of poverty and slaves of sin.
From homes of plenty, and of ease, they came,
These saintly maids and matrons gently reared,
And all in kind humility they gave

Themselves to visitation in His name.
And here they taught and here they prayed and
sang

Sweet hymns of faith to comfort those bereaved;
And here they gave their gracious charity,
Not like some lady bountiful, in robes
Of trailing velvet and with jewels rare
And costly laces, tossing measured alms,
Right careful not to touch the beggars' rags
For fear contamination might defile;
But in true sympathy, as sisters of
The Nazarene they wrought in fellowship,
Nor shrank from menial service, e'en to give
Themselves as He, when washing Simon's feet.
With flowers, and smiles, and songs they ministered,

And now returning, tired but happy, they
Rehearsed the day's full toll of varied joys.
So, as they passed, the Master beamed on them
A look of love ineffable and breathed

In kindly whisper, "Know ye what ye do?
Go on in peace, your deeds high heaven records
And what ye do to these, ye do to me."
So passed we on until we came to where
The river swerves toward the street, and there
A piteous scene of woe our eyes beheld,
A woman, branded with the scarlet sign
Of shame, who stood beside the water's edge,
With look despairing, as of one who seeks
Relief in death, yet fears to venture, still
Restrained by dread of awful entrance to
The woeful torments of the suicide.
There like some stained Ophelia she appeared,
Arrayed in tarnished remnants of the days
Of former affluence, the hire of guilt.
As when a rose that with her sisters grew
In blushing sweetness on the parent stem,
Is rudely plucked from off her fragrant seat
To grace the bosom of some haughty dame;
For one brief hour caressed, then cast aside

To pine in withered sadness, till at last,
Trampled beneath the hurrying feet of men,
Her glowing heart forever stilled in death;
So seemed this wastrel creature in her mood
Of melancholy languor drooping there,
A prodigal of self and all her charms.
O, men, had you beheld the Master's face,
As all unseen He went to her relief!
Gently He laid on her His spirit hand
And at the touch a shudder shook her form;
Her eyes as founts of bitter tears became,
As falling on her knees, she looked to heaven,
And with that look her soul leaped back to God,
And feeble fires of faltering faith flamed up
In holy resolutions of a pure
And contrite womanhood, to live anew.
He spoke to her, but only to her heart
His message came, yet that did well suffice,
For as she turned her back upon the stream,
I knew she went to live in sin no more.

Then questioned me the Holy One: "Where
now

Can such as she find help against the bows
And slings of social ostracism?

What are my people doing to provide
Encouragement and means of livelihood
To those abandoning their evil ways?
And thou, what hast thou done?" And I, "My
Lord,

Thou knowest from a child, such outcasts vile
Have loathesome been to me, for even now
I shudder when I see a face all marred
By base depravity, and own with self-
Reproach no care of mine hath wrought to save."
"And is it well," He said, "that those who want
God's pity most, should find no brother's hand
To guide, nor sister's kiss, to welcome home?
It was not thus, when as the son of man,
I called the prodigal to leave the rout
And ruin of satanic revelry

To seek forgiveness in the Father's arms.
Be not afraid to follow me, nor fear
Defilement, like the Pharisees of old.
Count none too low to be beneath your care,
Nor deem all aspiration dead within
These sodden souls of Circe's swinish stys,
Cease not to pray for them, to pity them,
To warn them still, and let them know how they
Are missed from out the heavenly shepherd's
fold.
Let those once snatched as brands from burning
doom
Remember how their loathesome chains did gall.
And those who never knew the scorching flame
Of mad delirious delights of sins
That blast the soul e'er yet the body dies,
Be merciful and ever strive to save."

The Lament.

HO, the far country!
See its gleaming battlements, and walls
And towers opaline, and gorgeous halls;
Its banners flaunting gaily in the breeze;
Its lakes and iridescent waterfalls,
And multi-varied charms the sense to please
In the far, far country of sin!

Ho, the far country!
How enchanting are its labyrinthine ways,
And bright its golden coruscating rays;
How many bounding footsteps thither wend,
With passionate desire their choicest days to
spend
In the far, far country of sin!

Ho, the far country!

How sweet the luring, laughing eyes,
The fair hands beckoning, and sighs
And songs of siren voices languishing
In olent dreaminess of paradise;
Bending to them youth's guileless wanderings,
In the far, far country of sin!

Ho, the far country!

Hot blood of youth leaps ever uncontrolled,
And will not brook the warning voice of cold
And sober counseling, but hastes away
To enter through the gates wide open rolled,
With gleeful welcome, and bright laughter gay,
In the far, far country of sin!

Woe, the far country!

Behind those gates, the prodigal's reward
Is dregs and husks; is bitter, hateful, hard
And scornful robbery of goods and name;
To herd with swine, with manhood marred
By sin's debaucheries and groveling shame;
In the far, far country of sin!

Woe, the far country!

So few there are who ever break its bars,
To come back home, and those who do, the
scars
Of blighting sin bear ever in the heart;
A shattered wreck, devoid of sails and spars;
Compelled with every wholesome freight to part
In the far, far country of sin!

Woe, the far country!

How many noble sons in sacrifice
Are offered on its altars, what a price
They pay to touch the hidden deadly fire
That burns with secret flame of scorching vice
Within those courts of prodigal desire,
In the far, far country of sin!

Woe, the far country!

How terrible the death of those who die
In outcast darkness, with despairing cry
Banished from God and heaven, in night to
rove;
No road to hope from thence, no mercy nigh;
O, child come back to a gracious Father's love,
From the far, far country of sin.

VI

EMMAUS

TONIGHT it seemed that all the winds of
heaven

Did hurl themselves upon the house and
cry

With Valkyr' fury; now and then they ceased

And seemed to pass away, impotent all,

But soon returned with greater vehemence,

That trembling brought, to wakeful watchers,
who,

Though knowing well that walls and deep
foundations were

Secure, yet waited each new climax fierce,

In apprehension dire, and breathed relief

When that assault did spend its futile rage.

As when the life that rests secure in Christ

Besieged by many winds and storms of trial,

Yet knowing He is able to protect,

And trusts Him still, yet fears each new onset
And breathes with freer joy to know it gone
Leaving the soul unharmed in tranquil peace.
Into this strife of warring nature came the Lord,
Once more to question me. "Think you," He
said,

"That I would be a welcome guest within
The homes of rich and poor in this fair town?"
And I, because my heart so often grieved
At ways of worldliness among my friends,
Did silent stand, for that I seemed to see
E'en as He spoke, the blazing splendor of
The myriad lights, and costly gems and flowers
And all the gracious hospitality
That wealth and culture know so well to give,
Now used in homage to the gods of earth,
Who rule by social favor, e'en the Bride of
Christ.

Here, whirling in the sensuous dance were those,
Who weary quickly of the house of prayer;

And here the ruby sparkling wine cup passed
From lip to lip, and here the devotees
Of fickle fortune's play of chance, absorbed
In strenuous pursuit of trifling spoil.
While all the while the Master's claim was still
Denied and rarely was His presence sought.
"My Lord," I said at last, "I fear Thou'lt find
But few prepared to welcome Thee tonight."
"Nay, think not so, all homes are not so full
Of worldly cares, to banish me, for yet
In many doth the prophet's chamber wait
My coming thence, and Martha stands to serve
And Mary's costly spikenard, prepared
In love's sweet prodigality."
He touched my eyes, and lo, where I beheld
A mother cradling in her arms her babe
Whose dimpled hand, with clinging touch caressed
Her cheek, and in her song she sang of Him
Who loves and blesses little children too.
And called to Him, "Lord Jesus, come, and be

Our guest tonight ;” and then He came and looked
On them and smiled, and on the mother’s face
A look of heavenly peace did rest, and sure
He was to her a welcome, welcome, guest.
Again He touched my eyes, and then I saw
A father in frank converse with his son,
A manly boy, and all his words were of
The need of honest work, of noble deeds,
Of moral courage high, and chastity
That shuns contamination with the base,
And all for Jesus’ sake. I saw the boy
Look straight into his father’s eyes, and heard
Him say, “My father for His sake I will,
And to my heart will welcome Him, and be
His man,” and then they prayed, “Lord Jesus,
Take this life and make it Thine abiding place.”
And lo, the Lord was there to bless them both.
And yet again I saw another home,
The lowliest of the low and those who dwelt
Therein were of the very poor, yet all

Within was clean and sweet; one little lamp
Illumined there a cheerful group around
A table, bare, save for the sacred book.
I saw the latch uplifted, saw the glad surprise
On every face, as through the opening door
There came the Lord, who smiled on them, and
spoke
In benediction, "Peace, my friends, my peace
Be unto you. May I abide this night?"
And quick the answer came, "yea, Lord, abide
Beneath our roof, though all unworthy we.
For all we have is Thine, and we are rich
In honor, having here so great a guest."
Then I was satisfied that whether high
Or low, at morning, noon, or eventide,
Or night, still would He find an Emmaus;
Still find with us a home of Bethany.

The Consolation.

MY life is 'stablished in the Lord,
I am in Him complete.

This house of mine is founded sure,
Its walls and cornerstone secure
Support me like some mighty rock,
A fortress in the fiercest shock
Of warring hosts in battle's clash,
And fiery thunder's loudest crash.

Would'st know how such a trust can be,
How any such security?
Why, Jesus Christ is my retreat,
My life in Him is all complete.

My daily food is from the Lord;
I am in Him complete.
The choicest fruits of earth I cull
From His fair orchards, and am full.
And coarsest fare becomes a feast

Enriched by Him, and e'en the least
Hard loaf of barley, doth become
Ambrosia, where He makes His home.

Dost ask how this can ever be,
How such a blest sufficiency?
Christ Jesus is my manna sweet,
I feed on Him and am complete.

My hope of heaven is in the Lord;
In him I am complete.

I do not fear the fiends of sin,
For neither death nor hell can win
Against my captain's conqu'ring sword;
I rest me in His promised word.

Naught can unclasp His mighty arms;
No subtly sweet, seductive charms.

Car'st thou to know how this can be,
Why this immortal surety?
Why. I'm in Him. My safe retreat,
My way, my truth, my life, complete.



VII

THE UPPER ROOM

NOW when the midnight hour had fully come,
I kneeled before Him in the upper room
And bowed my head, His blessing to receive.

My heart was sore at parting, yet I felt
A sense of peace as from a power within,
That now would leave me never more alone.
The day had brought new meaning to my task,
That henceforth must be met as in His eye.
Then as I felt His strong consoling arms
Drawing me close to His great heart of love,
He spoke once more to sooth my sorrowing soul.
"Rest here," He said, "the body wearies soon
Through carking cares of mind, when hard beset
In bearing others' weakness and woes
And faith doth fail when man doth scourge himself

With needless blame for that which only God
Can alter, only God can ever mend.
Oft have you wrought to comfort other hearts,
Now let your heart abide awhile; be still
And let me hold you close and comfort you.
My Father hath his purpose of the ages, which
Doth still remain a mystery to man,
And even angels know it but in part.
Eternity and time; the bad and good;
The forces seen and unseen, near and far;
Nations, and men, and messengers of light;
Hades, and hell, and earth, and heaven too,
Are but the segments of the circle vast,
That compasses His all-embracing scheme,
And all his mighty working unifies
In me, His life-dispensing gracious love.
Man cannot weave the varied threads into
A web consistent all with finite minds.
So sighs and struggles in rebellion oft;
But day by day, and hour by hour, God works

The strands of sorrow, joy, disaster dire,
And jubilant success, into the skeins
Of scarlet, gold and blue, and linen fine,
To make the finished tapestry at last.
On earth man sees the obverse side alone,
But God, who uses now the threads of black,
And now of red, the heart's blood stain, and hues
Of dull monotony, He knoweth why;
And He is mindful of His own, in life
Or death, and still remembers those who own
Him as their Father, glorified in love.
Your life is in His keeping, leave it there,
And leave the ord'ring of the way, to Him.
Go work and pray, while it is called today;
And know that He is back of all you do:
The cup of water cold; the widow's mite;
The alabaster cruse; the orphan's aid;
The prophet's chamber, and the house of prayer,
All have their place in His eternal plan."

O saints of God, my brethren and my friends,

Come stretch yourselves upon His promises!
Rest there, be still and know that He is God.
Work! work! yea, work with holy zeal,
But do not break your hearts, if what ye do
Seems all in vain; it cannot be in vain.
God worketh still, and binds in one the work
Of Moses and Elias, through the still, small
 voice
That breathed on Horeb, after storm and fire.
And still He carries on His task divine,
Through John's beheading, Stephen's martyr-
 dom,
Paul's dungeon chains; through martyr fires
Of Nero's Rome; through Wyklif's ashes cast
In rage on England's streams; through Bun-
 yan's jail;
Through Williams' banishment, and Cary's toil;
And with their glorious deeds of faith and love
He joins your feeble efforts, and assures
That naught shall fail of sure success at last.

“And now farewell; remember, though in form
You see me not, lo, I am with you still.”
So vanished He from me, but only from
My earthly sight. His presence in my heart
Abides, and for His sake I give myself
Anew, to minister to those He gives
Unto His undershepherd’s care.

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